Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.
Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who is't that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
What vnaccustomd cause procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Iuliet*?
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
Therfore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,
But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
La. Wel gyrle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.
Iu. What villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God pardon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

La. That

La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.
Iu. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.
Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in such a needie time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
M. Well, well, thou hast a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
M. Marrie my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to wooe: